# Sherry Puts on a Show

by[Boxlicker101](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=207952&page=submissions)©

Ever since she was a little girl, Sherry liked being the center of attention. When she was young, it was by dancing or singing or reciting poetry, most of which she just parroted, without knowing what it was about. After puberty, when her body started to fill out, and it filled out very well indeed, she showed off by wearing skimpy outfits, hot pants with nothing underneath, tight t-shirts or low-cut blouses without a bra, bikinis and other barely legal minimums. She loved having men stare at her, and sometimes she became so aroused from their whistles and propositions that she masturbated from the memories.

As the phrase went, though, she was all show and no go. When she entered the state university, she was a virgin, and not just a "technical" virgin, either. Nobody had ever gotten to second base on her more than once because if they stole the base once, they never got another chance. Sherry wished that boys and men would just worship her beautiful face and figure and let it go at that, because she had no interest in getting any more involved than that.

She would need at least a part time job while she was attending college but nothing available for students interested her at all. Washing dishes or stuffing envelopes or waiting on tables all seemed boring and tedious so she decided to look elsewhere to make enough money to supplement her student loan and college savings. She had no idea where or doing what, until she happened to run across a local porno tabloid. It included a help wanted advertisement from a local strip club who wanted to hire nude dancers. The more Sherry read the ad, the more she liked the idea, and the more surprised she was that somebody would actually be willing to pay her to cavort in front of men, and maybe some women, wearing scanty attire or, even better, nothing at all. Since there would be no alcohol served, the only requirements were that she had to be at least 18 years old and sexy, and she was both of those things.

The audition was a breeze. The manager and employees, who had seen hundreds of beautiful naked women, were all sporting prodigious erections by the time Sherry was done dancing and stripping. For her, it was the greatest time she had ever had up until thren. Nobody even tried to lay a hand on her while she danced and pranced completely naked, writhed on the carpet while holding open her tight, pink pussy lips, bent over to spread her ass cheeks and, in general, gave everybody a good look at every part of her sexy body a man might want to see.

The club manager thought her the hottest woman he had ever met, and immediately offered her a job as a featured dancer. He started to describe her duties, besides dancing nude on the stage, but when he mentioned lap dances, she balked. Sherry refused to do anything that might mean being fondled by somebody. She also refused to do outside entertainment for bachelor parties or the like, having heard how such affairs sometimes degenerate into gangbangs. She did agree to put on private shows in the smaller rooms as long as there was a club employee there to keep things under control.

The manager was reluctant to lose the revenue that would have come from lap dances and tried to persuade her to change her mind. He told her how she would make more money, but Sherry was adamant. Since it was obvious that her youth, her fresh-faced beauty and her voluptuous body would attract droves of customers, possibly more than all the other strippers combined, even taking business away from competitors, he agreed to the limitations she required. Sherry was ready to start that evening, a Monday, and nobody had any objection to that.

Because of that youth and beauty, she was given the name "Betty Coed", and wore glasses with large, heavy frames, even though her eyesight was perfect. Her long blonde hair was worn in a ponytail and she carried three books held together by a leather strap. A cardigan, plaid skirt and penny loafers were included in her costume. Altogether, she looked like a combination of several Norman Rockwell paintings from the thirties, forties and fifties. The manager didn't care, though, and he knew the audience wouldn't care either, especially after she had started removing her clothing.

Sherry was greeted by the usual loud whistles and stamping feet when she came onstage skipping and dancing to the song "Betty Coed". She swung around the stripper pole by one hand, with her books in the other, and unbuttoned her cardigan, allowing it to flap open. Under it she was bra-less and wore a blouse with a plunging neckline. Every time she bent over, the audience enjoyed a partial display of her large, creamy breasts, and they knew it was a beautiful preview of what she would be showing them later.

Near the end of the first number, she eliminated some of her costume. The books and glasses were tossed through the entry she had used, to be picked up by a stage hand so they could be used in the next show. The glasses had no lenses so there was no danger of breakage. She kicked off her penny loafers, and the cardigan soon followed, all tossed aside to join the other items. The clip holding her hair in a pony tail was flung into the crowd, giving somebody a souvenir. Although she was still essentially fully dressed in blouse and skirt, the audience had seen the way her breasts moved under the blouse and the way she had molded the skirt to her gorgeous ass. Their collective appetite was whetted and they expected to see more after the music started again.

They were not disappointed. Although several members of the audience shouted out to "Betty", she was no longer the demure coed. After a few turns around the stage, a few bumps and grinds of her hips, a few shakes of her breasts and a few hugs of the pole, she unzipped her skirt. Seconds later, it dropped to the floor but she immediately picked it up and coyly held it in front of herself while her eyes and mouth and swinging hair flirted with everybody in the audience. The volume of whistles and shouts increased because they had all seen she was wearing nothing below her waist but a pair of translucent bikini panties. The more discerning may have even noticed the wetness in her crotch. If they thought it was sweat, they were mistaken because Sherry was getting aroused, as she always did, by the open admiration she was receiving from the audience, and the wetness was caused by juices dripping from her pussy.

Shortly after the third song started, she tossed the skirt aside and undulated around the stage in blouse and panties. She became more affectionate toward the pole, wrapping her arms and legs around it. Half a minute into the song, an ordinary stripping tune, she stood in the front of the stage, her hips gyrating while she unbuttoned her blouse. Her arms still held it tightly about herself until she turned her back on the audience and pulled it open, not showing her breasts to anybody but letting everybody know what they would soon be in for. When she turned around and continued gliding about the floor, she held the blouse in place but periodically flipped it open, immediately closing it again, giving the crowd a teasing glimpse of what she would be showing them later if they remained patient.

Once again she turned around and held her blouse open but this time she removed it. When she turned back to face the audience, she was holding it in front of herself but, seconds later, she flung her arms open, giving everybody a clear look at two of what they had paid to see. A collective gasp came from the audience; they had expected to see tits, but not such a luscious pair as was swaying and bouncing in front of them.

Sherry continued twirling around the stage, her breasts shaking and her ass gyrating, wearing only her panties, which were getting wetter and wetter, with small streams of fragrant liquid trickling down her legs. The spotlights focused on the stage made it hard to see into the audience, except from a few places. When she reached these places, Sherry could look out into the crowd and see some of the men with their hands on their cocks. From the knowledge that her body was inducing them to masturbate, Sherry's pussy got even wetter. As the music ended, her thumbs were inside the waistband of her panties, pushing them down to the middle of her ass, in a silent promise to remove them soon.

She kept the promise. Seconds after the music started for the fourth song, she turned her back on the audience again. This time, she pulled her panties down around her hips and let them fall to the floor. After stepping out of them, she took a step backward toward the crowd, spread her legs wide and slowly bent over to pick them up, showing off her gorgeous and completely naked ass. When that club advertised "nude dancers" they meant what they said.

When Sherry turned around to face the audience again, one hand was behind her back, holding her panties and the other was in front, stretching the garment across her pussy. As the men gasped and groaned appreciatively, she sawed the panties between her pussy lips and across her clit. She strutted around the stage for almost half a minute, basically masturbating with her panties, before tossing them aside and grabbing the stripper pole.

With both hands, Sherry held tightly at a point even with her face. She stepped forward so her feet were flat on the stage floor and her legs straddled the pole, pressing her pussy firmly against the surface. As she repeatedly raised and lowered her body, her eyes closed, a look of ecstasy covered her face and her head tossed from side to side. She appeared to be masturbating, using the pole as a giant dildo which, essentially, was what she was doing, rubbing her clit and pussy lips against the smooth metal. Even over the music, those who were close enough to the stage could hear Sherry's genuine moans and whimpers of pleasure and see her slick juices running down her legs or being smeared on the pole.

Almost half the men in the crowd were emulating her, their hands deep inside their pants, as if they were trying to hide their actions, or openly pumping their cocks. When the music stopped, Sherry slid all the way down the pole and lay on her back, her knees bent and her legs spread, as if sexually satisfied by what she had been doing. She wasn't, at least not yet, but she would be.

The program was for each dancer to perform to four songs and, if they wanted, a fifth. All the women liked the last number because they got most of their tip money then, which was much more than their salaries. The last song wasn't actually music, just a soft and monotonous drum solo, intended to have the same effect as Ravel's "Bolero" had on Bo Derek. As it played, the monotone was intended to increase the already high level of arousal of the dancers and of the men they would be entertaining.

To the thirty men in the front row, their eyes right at stage level, this would be by far the best part of the show, and the reason for paying the higher admission fee. They all prepared to lean forward, getting as close to the action as allowed, their tipping money in their hands. When the drum started, Sherry, still on her back, slid over to be in front of the man at one end of the stage, her legs spread wide to give him a good look at what he was there to see.

The man slid a ten dollar bill onto the stage and withdrew his hand, as required by the house rules. The club's bouncer was directly behind him to be sure the rules were followed. Sherry grasped the bill in her left hand while the fingers of her right hand held her pussy lips open. Her feet were right on the edge of the stage, with her toes actually hanging over, and the man's face was between her calves, but not touching them. Enraptured, he gazed at her shiny wet pussy as she writhed only a foot away, and breathed deeply of the delightful aroma of the juices being produced. After a few seconds, all that would be provided for ten dollars, Sherry slid back away from him, sidled over to the next man and took a similar position in front of him.

He and the next two men tipped the same as the first had and were granted the same treat to their eyes and nostrils. The fifth man offered two ten dollar bills and Sherry gave him more. After adding his offering to the growing bundle in her left hand, she slid even closer to the edge of the stage and fucked her pussy, only inches from his face, up and down while murmuring "Fuck me. Fuck me harder," in her throaty voice. His personal show also lasted a few seconds longer. She had no problem doing this. The adoration her beauty and sex appeal was receiving from the men had her extremely aroused, and she had to force herself to control her voice and the movements of her pussy. She didn't want to cum on the stage, at least not until she had provided an intimate show for all the front row patrons.

Most of the men tipped her ten or twenty dollars and got what they paid for. One man, his cock in his right hand and forty dollars in his left, muttered "Show me your ass, Betty." For that much, she was willing to do something special, just for him. She rolled over onto her knees next to the edge of the stage, reached back to spread her ass cheeks and rocked back and forth, while swiveling her hips. His face got such a good close-up of her luscious ass cheeks and her lovely pink rosebud that he could have licked her, except that he didn't dare risk the wrath of the club bouncer.

After that, everybody got the ten or twenty dollar show until she reached the last man. "Play with yourself for me, Betty," he requested, slipping her fifty dollars. She could see his right hand doing for himself what he was tipping her to do for herself. Sherry was actually more than willing to do what he wanted, because that was her intention as soon as she got offstage anyhow. She lay on her back, her knees bent, while her right hand played with her clit. Sherry's pussy rocked back and forth and up and down, inches from the generous man's face, actually spattering him with some of her juices.

Instead of stopping after a few seconds as she had for the others, she continued for several minutes. All eyes were on her. Even the bouncer was staring, enraptured, at her hand caressing her wet clit and the free-flowing juices. A crowd of men left their seats to get a better look, craning their necks to see over the head of the big tipper. He had the best view of all;, and he could smell her pussy and hear the sounds of pleasure Sherry – Betty Coed to him – was making. Being so much the center of attention, what she loved more than anything, spurred her on, increasing her pleasure in what she was doing.

"Uh! Uh! Uh!" she whimpered as she neared her climax. Everybody could hear her cry "Yes! Yes!" and see her squeeze her hand between her thighs and roll and thrash on the stage floor. Some people thought she was an unusually good actress but the man in front of her knew better. He had seen her eyes glaze and could smell the fresh juices as she continued cumming. He saw her back arch and her body clench as she climaxed. After her orgasm, she lay quietly on the stage, her legs still spread, and he could see the flow of juices from her pussy and knew it had been for real. With a few more strokes, he replicated her effort and ejaculated all over the front of his pants.

Even though the star was still lying spread-eagled on the floor, it was obvious her time on stage had ended so the manager signaled the stage hand who controlled the music to shut off the drum solo. The lights came on, a signal that the first show was over. There would be another later that night, with a separate admission charge and featuring Betty Coed again. All the men struggled to their feet, those with erections having a harder time than those who had already masturbated, and applauded the spectacular show they had just seen. Most of them vowed to return frequently; some of them would try to arrive early for the second show to get the front row seats.

When they were all gone, Sherry struggled to her feet, still clutching her money in her hand, and walked backstage to the dressing room. She was tired but extremely happy as she relived what had just been the greatest experience of her life, even better than the audition had been. She had danced before a roomful of men, undressed while doing it and showed off every inch of her body. The admiration she had received from them, almost amounting to worship, had been tremendous, culminating in a standing ovation. Their adoration had been so great they had paid her good money and some had had paid her the ultimate tribute of masturbating to the sight of her naked body. Best of all, she had brought herself to her greatest orgasm ever, while they all watched.

Sitting backstage, she counted her tips and found she had taken in over five hundred dollars, besides the pittance she would be paid by the club. She expected to receive more than that at the second show that night, when the men would be drunker and more generous. There would be four more nights, with two shows each night, before the Saturday night extravaganza. Sherry was already looking forward to those future shows, when more men would pay unabashed homage to her body and pay for the privilege of doing so. She even had definite thoughts of what she was going to do with some of the money.